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VOL. XV.

HARTFORD, KENTUCKY, OCTOBER 9, 1889.

NO. 41.

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A BSTRACTS of Titles, Plots, and Calculations and contents of Deeds made, Draws all kinds of Writing in relation to personal and real property. Will also act as agent for parties who have Lands for sale or and



DETECTIVE DOWNEY.

By MRS. CASHEL HOEY.

UORN LODGE. situated in a fenently genteel shall be called er name for obvious reasons, was a desirable resi-

nation was pre-posterous, but that did not matter; suburbs have a chartered right to killiness in the matter of names. There were admiring friends of the handsome Mrs. Morrison who held that it was an equally original and sweet with all the modern improvements and the day-after-to-morrow's fashion in dec-oration, Quorn Lodge, for among the glowing reminiscences of her unmarried estate with which Mrs. Morrison was wont to entertain the elite of Riverside feats in the hunting field figured conspicuously. Now it is well known that there is no more effectual means of con-veying a suggestion that one is of "county" antecedents than free and familiar use of the jargon of hunting, especially when the listeners know nothing at all about packs and meets, runs and blanks, and are bashfully dubious concerning the difference between a pad and a brush. The handsome and dashing Mrs. Morrison was somehow understood to have "come down" in position by her mar-riage with Mr. Morrison, who had nothing of the county, but a good deal of the counting house, about him, and the impression was mainly due to that sweet idea of calling the villa Quorn Lodge. "As a tribute to the memory of my dear hunting days—I hope you don't think it foolish?" she would say, with a glance from her dark eyes and a flash of her white teeth, which largely aided the male auditor to think it a capital notion. As a matter of fact the neighborhood tnew nothing about Mrs. Morrison, while all that anybody could want to know about Mr. Morrison was easily to be learned. He was a good looking, well dressed, prosperous man of about 45, in whose manners the observant might have found a certain watchfulness and guardedness, combined with rather laborious politeness—something like the manner of the obsequious yet peremptory persons who "walk" the great shops— very clever in business and notoriously devoted to his handsome wife. His actual position was that of manager of the Uphill and Downdale bank in Magog street, E. C., a trusted and flourishing concern, although not of very old standing as the longevity of banks is counted, to whose prosperity the experience and ability of Mr. Morrison had largely contributed, and he had occupied that well

ve years old.
The brand new villa had been im-

proved and beautified with each succeeding year, for Mr. Morrison liked

comfort in its most advanced forms; Mrs. Morrison too was a person of refined tastes; and it was now as nearly perfect ence of its kind and pretensions as could be found within two hours' drive of Hyde Park Corner. The house was large and commodious: the taste-fully laid out lawn and gardens, the modest show of glass, the admirably contrived stable and coach house, not to be suspected from the front of the house, the well kept shrubberies, had a general air of completeness and order which im-plied vigilance and taste on the part of the owners of all these good things; but also meant money. Mrs. Morrison's pretty little open carriage, her pair of po-nies, the neat brougham which conveyed her to dinners and theatres in town, her unimpeachable toilets, concerning which she would observe, with the glance and the flash before mentioned, "I always dress so simply, you know; I love sim-plicity"—these also meant money. It had happened once that a man who had been dining at Quorn Lodge, where very good dinners were given and capital Saturdayto Monday house parties were an institu-tion during the season, remarked with languid and transient curiosity to a fel-low guest that he wondered how Morrison did it, for it was well done, good form all round, must cost a deuce of a lot, and they had never heard that Mor-rison had money. To this it had been suggested by the other party to the con-versation that it was a deuced good thing to be in a bank, because you could al-ways get to know what was going on, don't you know, and there were windfalls to be had perpetually. His com-panion looked doubtful of the soundness of this observation, but propounded the bright idea that no doubt Morrison had got money with "her." And then, in got money with "her." And then, in the unaccountable way in which impres-sions do get taken up and statements spread, it became accepted in the Morri-sons' society that Mrs. Morrison had a good deal of money, presumably of "county" origin, and expectations as well. No distinct assertion on these points was ever traced to either the husand or the wife, but when, at the height of one London season, the hospi-talities of Quorn Lodge were suspended and Mrs. Morrison canceled her engagements for three weeks, appearing at church only and in a ravishing mourning 'ostume, those people who troubled themselves at all about the Morrisons' affairs assumed that the expectations had onfirmed when, from Mrs. Morrison's

confirmed when, from Mrs. Morrison's temporary eclipse, she emerged with the added brilliancy of several diamond ornaments of remarkable beauty and value—and admitted to an early caller that the stones formed part of a legacy.

"My poor uncle, Count Walsh—you may have seen the announcement in the papers—died at Vienna, having remembered me most generously in his will. An Irish name? Yes, dear Mrs. Dentem the Walshey were of brich origin. ham, the Walshes were of Irish origin, out one branch of the family has been settled in Austria for generations. Of course the diamonds are only what I like to think of as the sentimental por-

"Very gratifying indeed," said Mra.
Denham, reflecting the while on the presumable satisfactoriness of the substantial portion. "Then you were a Walsh?"
"Oh, no," replied Mrs. Morrison, with

a broad, calm smile of explanation, "the Walshes are my mother's people—I am a Prothero." Mrs. Morrison's way of saying this conveyed so agreeable an impression of frankness that Mrs. Denham felt thereafter she knew all about the Walshes and Protheroes. She, howrisons' society, had to take both families on trust; for never were people so free from ties of kindred as the fortunate owners of Quorn Lodge. Of all the numerous visitors to the villa at River-side, not one claimed relationship with its genial master and his handsome wife. The early sun has rarely shone upon a

more comfortable spectacle than the dining room at Quorn Lodge presented on one fine summer's morning in 1885, with Mr. and Mrs. Morrison seated at their invariably early breakfast; one at either side of a luxuriously spread round table placed in the deep bay of a window which opened upon a terrace gar-den rich with roses. The handsome Mrs. Morrison was one of those exceptional women who look well in the norning; she always slept soundly, she never fretted about anything or any-body; her style of morning dress was perfect, and remarkable for its costly simplicity: she invariably began the day with entire self complacency, and we all know that there is nothing more becoming. Sunshine outside, and sun-shine inside, an atmosphere perfumed with rose scents, everything good to eat at breakfast that could be wished for by a pair who held identical views on the rank and importance of eating among the pleasures of life, some agreeable matters to talk over, postponed from yesterday on account of last night's diner party, a charming scheme for Mr. Morrison's very short vacation to be elaborated—it was quite idyllic, after the manner of the modern idyll, in which the poetry is mostly left out. The conjugal talk was very cozy and confiden-tial, and Mr. Morrison started to catch his train in due course; only a slight a spot of light against the background the morning from its and distinguished of dark shrubs. the morning from its predecessors. It was Tuesday morning. Mrs. Morrison had not glanced at "What the World Says," and picked out little bits of information for the benefit of her husband, who reserved his serious newspapers for railway reading. When Mrs. Morrison took up The World, after Mr. Morrison's departure, she found that it offered its readers the tempting primeur of a ro-mance in real life: it was not a story without an example; but it was striking enough. A man of old family and long descended estate, having been persist-ently robbed during the whole of his minority by his guardian—who, when accounts had to be rendered, squared startlingly small sum of ready money which could be rescued, and had been lost sight of and forgotten for many a year. What The World had to say of Charles Barrington was that after a long become wealthy by a vast legacy. He the rather large head, the handsome reg-had been in the employment of one of ular features, bright complexion, and marriage and the setting up of his house- the great squatters, a childless man, had masses of rich dark hair, not fine enough hold gods at Quorn Lodge, an event now won his confidence, and now found him-five years old. to indicate a sensitive organization, but self his heir. The World had further to of the texture that bespeaks a pleasure eay that Mr. Barrington was eager to apply a portion—it would not really be a very serious portion—of his great wealth to the redemption of his ances-tral estate, and would probably make the ancient and picturesque, but long un-inhabited manor house of Draxton his principal residence, much to the advan-tage of the county of Norfolk, which

had suffered for several years from the extinction of a former foyer of refined ospitality and Conservative influence. "What a lucky fellow," thought Mrs. Morrison, as she laid down the news-paper and took up her flower basket and scissors, preparatory to her daily raid upon the roses. "And what a prize matrimonial! There's nothing about a wife. The chase of the colonial Crossus will be as funny as a New York com-petition for a live lord." And then she

forgot all about The World's primeur. Mr. Morrison had a busy day of it. The Uphill and Downdale bank had been turned into a limited liability company on the death of one of the partners in the original firm, in whose employ-ment Mr. Morrison had been from his early boyhood. One of the drawbacks of a limited liability concern, from a directorate: for directors, especially if they are fussily disposed and new fangled by their functions, are apt to make mselves obnoxious to the responsible employes, just as an in-coming minister may bother the permanent officials in an office of the state, who naturally know a great deal better than he how its business ought to be done, or left undone.
Mr. Morrison had been singularly fortunate in his directors for some years;
they had every reason to is satisfied them; some of them knew nothing about banking business, and did not want to expose their ignorance to a nominal sub-ordinate who was an expert, others had so much to do of greater moment that their attendance at the board meetings of the stable and steady going "U. and was merely perfunctory. chairman, too, was a very comfortable person, who made unctuous speeches, liked a florid tone in the reports, and was immensely popular with the shareholders. In fact, up to a recent period, things at the "U. and D." had been, like Mrs. Gamp's slumbers at The Bull, Hol-born, too comfortable to last; but a death vacancy in the directorate had occurred early in 1885, and Mr. Morrison was beginning to regard the director who had been elected in the place of the entirely formed as he was inquisitive, he might have induced Mr. Morrison to make up have induced Mr. Morrison to make up his mind upon a point which he was in the habit of revolving, but in this re-spect the manager had the advantage of the director, and beyond inspiring Mr. Morrison with intense dislike of him, Mr. Treherne had not as yet seriously discomposed that cautious and long sighted person. He had, however, made him-self particularly obnoxious to the manseri particularly conoxious to the man-ager at the board meeting held on the particular day at which this simple story has arrived, and it was with an ill regu-lated sensation of irritation that Mr.

had already taken his place, and heard his cheerful remark that he was going

Of course the two men had their even-

out of town for a week.

ing papers, and Mr. Morrison settled himself to his Pall Mall immediately, while Mr. Treherne, who would have liked to talk, resigned himself to The St. James'. The primeur of that morning's World had already lost its freshness and Its start: the story of Mr. Barrington, of Draxton, figured in the columns of both journals with comments and moralizings after the respective fashion of each, and Mr. Morrison and Mr. Treherne, having simultaneously discovered the romance in real life, looked at each other on reaching the end of the paragraph.

"Read this—about the young fellow out in Melbourne?" asked Mr. Treberne. Mr. Morrison nodded.

"Lucky dog! Seems to have deserved Odd sort of experience in a man's life-to be born to wealth, and lose it through a precious rascal; then to have it thrust upon him like this. If I have it thrust upon him like this. If I were in his shoes I shouldn't encumber myself with an old house and a lot of land in a dreary country, especially now when every wise man's object is to get rid of property of the kind; but each one to his taste. I know what I should do if I came in for such a good thing; I should," etc., etc. Thus Mr. Treherne Morrison did not interrupt the flow of his remarks by a single word, he merely fanned himself very slightly with his Pall Mail, and thought-"He does not

know. He does not know." When Mr. Morrison reached home he surprised his solemn butler by going into the dining room and asking for a little brandy: having drank half a glassful, he looked at himself in the mirror, was apparently reassured, and stepped out on the lawn to join his wife, according to

"I'm glad we are not going out, and that nobody's coming," he said to him-self, as he made his way to the garden bench on which he sat; her dress, composed of cream colored muslin and lace,

of dark shrubs.

If Mr. Morrison had felt ill or been upset by anything during the day, the effects were not discernible, and the outof-rule half glass of brandy remained a secret between himself and the solemn butler. The tete-a-tete dinner was good, perfectly served, and its progress was unmarked by any incident. Mrs. Morrison was not of a sentimental turn, or she might have remarked that her husband regarded her with unusual attenpearance, and after she left him alone for the conventional quarter of an hour, Le actually but unconsciously said aloud: 'She never looked better or stronger

to her life. There's no fear of her." them with a revolver—had betaken himself to the colony of Victoria with the number of London Society by the light of a lace shaded lamp, as she reclined in an easy chair of the very last invented kin l. Her attitude and the disposition of the light would have been favorable to a study of her. Her tall, lissom figure period of patient, but not highly re-displayed lines of strength and firmness, munerative industry, he had suddenly the full throat was a fitting support for loving one, made up an attractive picture of its kind. This was not an elevated kind. It had once been remarked by a sylph like creature with flaxen hair and pale eyes, that "if it were not for Mrs. Morrison's taste in dress there would be something very barmaidish about her." of truth. When coldly surveyed she owed her elegance to her clothes; her refinement to her surroundings. Without these she would hardly have looked like

a lady; but in any guise an observer of her unmasked face would have read therein boldness and readiness. Mr. Morrison once more regarded be intently as he entered the drawing room, scated himself, and took up a book. He was an inattentive reader, his eyes were constantly directed towards the table clock at his wife's elbow, and when the silver chime rang out ten he rose and approached her. She put down the magazine and smiled—but for a moment only. He touched her on the shoulder and said:

Louise that she need not wait for you. and will you then come back to me, here? I have something to say, and we must not be interrupted."
It was characteristic of her that she

did not ask a question.
"Certainly, I will," was all she said, and in a moment she had left the room. She returned quickly, and found him still standing by her vacant chair. She put out her hand to him as she said:

"Has it come? So soon?" I fear so. I think so." "Are you prepared?"

"Yes, if I can get time."
"Now, tell me all about it." The concluding sentences of the long conference between Mr. and Mrs. Morrison are all that need be recorded in this place. The wife's behavior had amply justified the husband's confidence in her good sense and her strong nerves.

"Let me go over the points once more," said Mrs. Morrison. "The discovery that the title deeds, leases and other securities connected with Draxton are missing from the bank need not necessarily be made until this Barrington returns; you will ascertain by telegraph at what date he means to reach England, and you can carry out the plans already formed, pro-vided nothing connected with the Draxton business turns up before he can pos-sibly get here. The chief danger to be apprehended is from Treherne, who either apprehended is from Treherne, who either does not know, as a director, the stake of the bank in Barrington's former property, or has forgotten it. If he learns the fact, or is reminded of it, he will want to have the deeds and documents inspected on the spot, and all must come out. In the one case you have at the worst six weeks for action, in the other you have one week. It is for the latter emergency we have to provide. You feel no doubt that this man Downey will be

worked for the bank, and Treherne has a great opinion of him; he knew of him

"Have you a great opinion of him?" "I don't think much of any of these gentry. But of one thing I am quite sure; he could not fail to detect me in Morrison saw Mr. Treherne step into the

Then the sooner Downey knows me by sight, and I know Downey by sight, the better. So I shall have occasion to consult Mr. Downey, and arrange to meet dress him in your private room at the bank the 38-4t

She cast a curious, lingering look around the luxurious room as she left it, in the chilly dawn, just as the birds began to twitter; her face was pale from fatigue, not from fear, and she was stendy in nerve and limb. A warm ray was striking her bedroom windows when was striking her bedroom windows when she laid her head on her pillow; she closed her eyes against it and fell asleep, with these for her last conscious thoughts: "Has it been worth it? I think it has; we have always known the smash must come, and we have made our game for it. I think we shall win yet. Whatever

with a clever knave, who at all events pensions the party in power can bribe and as a patriot who desires to commute trusts me, than with the honestest of trusts me, than with the honestest of fools; and I would rather have no life at



ersation on the subject of the romance cinct account of the complicated rela-tions of the bank with the Draxton estate, and foretold great profits in the future to be made out of the colonial Crossus. He had already telegraphed congratulations and an inquiry as to when Mr. Bar-rington intended to start for England. He had felt all the time as though he were standing on a powder mine, but he stood there, metaphorically, with the coolness and unconcern which only a martyr, or a gambler. displays when the hour is supreme. The spirit that inspired the knave was that of the gambler, the vilest spirit of them all, and it stood to him then, true to its damnable pact with consenting souls.

That night Mr. and Mrs. Morrison were present at a crowded ball at a house in Eaton square. Mrs. Morrison, who looked-remarkably well, wore "the Walsh diamonds" in a becoming fashion, the five stars being sewn upon the bodice of her gown. On her return to Quorn Lodge she discovered that one of the stars was missing, whereupon she declared her conviction that the jewel had been stolen from her person. She re-membered to have been hustled by the brougham's place in the line; she had nearly lost her night wrap, and although she blamed Louise's ineffectual sewing on of the star much more severely, so severely indeed that the indignant maid gave her warning on the spot. Detective Downey had formerly be-longed to "the force," but he had retired

and set up on his own account, in consequence of the divergence of his views from those of his superior officers, and his rooted belief that there existed in this whose name was Richard Downey. The man was an enthusiast in his calling, and he held none, living or dead, in such reverence as its great chiefs, even the was as authentic as Napoleon Bonaparte, and he would have given the pay of a the bottom of every crime and misde meanor that departs from, or, so to speak, rises above the lowest of the vulgar, there is a woman! He did not persuade himself that his fixed idea was an orig-inal one; on the contrary, he rendered sincere homage to the promulgator of it, and regarded the distinguished utterer of the famous phrase, "Cherchez la femme," as a wiser than Solomon, al-though after all he only gave to that sage's conclusions an epigrammatic form. Of course his fixed idea led him wildly wrong on some occasions, but it had guided him straight enough on others; he had a respectable list of criminal convictions to his credit, and was, probably, as happy a man as one could neet in a day's walk. Whether he aspired to the immortality of a volume of memoirs was known only to himself; it looked like it, for the invariable occupation of his leisure was the copying and

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CONSUMTION SURELY CURED. To THE EDITORS--Please inform your read-rs that I have a positive remedy for the manently cured. I shall be glad to send

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POINTS ON PENSIONS.

In the United States we have converted civil rights into gifts called patronage, and pensions will share the same fate. Where public offices are legal tender in payment for party services, pensions will become so too. To a danghappens, I will never turn tail on my erous extent they are used as political pect" in the eyes of his countrymen. own convictions. I would rather live currency now. By a skillful use of He is regarded as a pension-grabber, one portion of the people with the mone of the other.

With the warnings of all history be- having saved the country in war, refore us, we submit to the corruption of fuse to forage on it now. our politics by a pension system heavier than was ever laid upon any other people since governments began. No monarchy, no oligarchy ever had the daring to put so many idlers under public pay as we have placed there by our by large bounties, but they were a very pension laws. Some of us think that small portion of the whole. Excepting pension laws. Some of us think that small portion of the whole. Excepting consequences do not follow causes in republics as in the "effete monarchies," and that we can dignify our people by those benighted lands across the sea, with much vehemence we exclaim: allowances for service. They were

lion, who marched and counter-marched change the character or diminish the over half a continent and fought a thousand battles, were a puny, sickly in real life took place in the manager's race of men. Yet this is the inference room at the "U. and D." between the we must draw from the official testimo. we must draw from the official testimo lirectors whose turn of business it was, ny of the Commissioner of Pensions. and Mr. Morrison, who gave them a suc- In his report of 1888 he says, "It thus appears that in the aggregate 1,166,926 pension claims have been filed since 1861, and in the same period 737,200 claims have been allowed."

The crippled and wounded soldiers, whose battle-scars were vouchers to their honesty and sacrifice, did not receive any benefit from the Arrears of Pensions law. They were already on the pension-rolls. All the booty was divided among the men who suddenly discovered that they were suffering from diseases of which they had been ignorant for fifteen years. The moral enormity of this proceeding is revealed in the fact that every one of those claims in was attested by the solemn oath of can be used with or without the reeds. These solemn oath of the solemn oath of can solemn oath of the solemn oath of can solemn oath of the solemn o their honesty and sacrifice, did not re- band died of cancer. In 1875 a lump

things, and it applies here. If pension sented to do. After taking a few bot-laws are potent in the making of diseases, pensions themselves have the op- cific (S. S. S.) cured me when the docposite effect—they cure them. There is tors and all other medicines failed." crowd just beyond the awning, when she had walked a little way to her since the War of 1812 began and seven. since the War of 1812 began and seventy-four years since it ended. Yet there are nearly a thousand men on the pension-rolls who claim that they were compelled to go on crutches. Words soldiers in that war.

tween the rugged and healthy state of these fifteen years of existence (it was the old veteran after his pension has not living), I tried every known remebeen allowed and his decrepit condition dy without receiving any benefit. I fi-before the allowance. I know a man nally began on Swift's Specific (S.S.S.), who was simply a harbor of refuge for which from the first gave me relief, and diseases until he obtained his pension, to-day am a well man. I candidly becountry but one real adept in detection, and then they disappeared. Having live that S. S. S. is the best blood puridrawn his "arrears," he prudently took out a life insurance policy. The affida-vit on which he obtained his insurance curiously contradicted the affidavit on which he got his pension, proving that the pension had restored him to health great many jobs to have possessed a fat forefinger like Inspector Bucket's; but failing that, he did his best to make a lean one emphatic. He was a little dark lean one emphatic. He was a little dark and revoked the pension; but, on distance company. The department was greatly shocked on learning the facts, and revoked the pension; but, on distance company. The department was a good be remembered as a general thing that caucus warrior and a hustler at the they are no more to be commended for polls, the department became shocked it than a person for the possession of a at its own imprudence, and restored him to the "nation's roll of honor."

pair of beautiful eyes. Cheerfulness is a matter of health and constitution. An

pensions yet extending beyond the pheric or other influences, cannot be third and fourth generation, but we uniformly cheerful. He may do much have made a fair beginning, and may towards endeavoring to be so, but it hope to enjoy that high-caste luxury in must be a thing of effort. Many peo-a gorgeous blossom after it shall be ple are cheerful because they are apa-withered and dead in England. The thetic. The sorrows of others, not be-"royal prerogative" is now exercised by ing their own, are easy to bear. We do Congress, with a profuse liberality ex- not wish to decry their social sunshine, ceeding that of Kings. Our Senators but let us not forget that there are very and Representatives are creating a pen- sweet flowers that flourish in beauty and sioned aristocracy out of the consaguin- give out perfume in the shade. -[Ex. cous relies of naval and military officers, official dignitaries, and successful politicians, many of whom had no claim to recognition except that their public lives were laboriously spent in the private service of themselves. The "retired system" is a high-toned

pension scheme, available only to those who have taken the superior degrees in the order. This is borrowed from the "half-pay" and "retired" system of England, where it had a logical and consistent reason for existence, under your readers who have consumption if they the social law which decreed that no will send me their express and post office ad- man should earn an honest living by his own exertions after he had once held the "King's commission." No such law prevails in this country, and the practice founded on it is an exotic ill adapted to the climate of a republic. We have on the "retired list" of the army one General, four Major Generals, twenty-six Brigadier Generals, eighty-five Colonels and three handred and fifty-nine officers of lower not take Quinine and rack their nerves, grade. The navy can make a like show-but "C. C. C. Certain Chill Cure," the ing, and the civil service is rapidly ing, and the civil service is rapidly great remedy for Fever, Ague and Ma-growing to the same proportions. laria. Sold and warranted by Z. Wayne Many of these "retired" officers have Griffin & Bro. 41 2t been placed on the list by the arbitrary favoritism of Congress, and some of FOR SALE.—65 acres of desirable land laworitism of Congress, and some of \$\frac{3}{2}\$ miles Northeast of Hartford. Also a good buggy, harness, 3 head of cattle, a horse, four new plows, other farming implements too numerous to mention.

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Involved the rank in the army which they hold on the retired list. In fact, one of the chief abuses of political power is the reckless and irresponsible usurpation by which members of Congress, and some of the members of the rank in the army which they hold on the retired list. In fact, one of the chief abuses of political power is the reckless and irresponsible usurpation by which members of Congress, and some of them never held the rank in the army which they hold on the retired list. In fact, one of the chief abuses of political power is the reckless and irresponsible usurpation by which members of Congress, and some of them never held the rank in the army fact, one of the chief abuses of political power is the reckless and irresponsible usurpation by which members of Congress, and some of them never held the rank in the army fact, one of the chief abuses of political power is the reckless and irresponsible usurpation by which members of Congress.

their friends on the retired list, and their constituents on the pension-roll.

It is time that the soldiers themselves repudiated the demagogues and vindicate their own patriotism. The glory of the Union army is tarnished by the mercenary clamor for pensions. If the the soldier is to be a chronic menace to industry, he will forfeit his claim to nonor, and cancel the obligation due him for service in the war. As it stands now, every Union soldier is "a sushis military glory for a stipulated sum in cash. The suspicion is unjust. There are thousands of Union soldiers who,

During the latter part of the war with much vehemence we exclaim:
"Pensions are not a king's prerogative here; they are the free gifts of a free people. Pensions cannot corrupt us. The Asiatic cholera is harmless, because it is not an American disease."

It has never been suspected that the It has never been suspected that the warriors who subdued the great rebel-

> When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria, When she became Miss, she slung to Casteria, When she had Children, she gave them Casteris

"My father had cancer and my hus-

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